

McFADDEN'S ROW OF FLATS

By the Author of "CHIMMIE FADDEN"
And the Originator of "HOGAN'S ALLEY,"



TIM McFADDEN had given orders that politics were barred in the Row. What Tim says usually "goes" with the Flatters without argument or dissent—

Indeed, before the arrival of the But that active young person proved and turbulent element from the He had recently made acquaintance with

From buttons to politics was a small and natural move, and, of course, the Kid made it. He was shortly in a terrific argument with Marty

either Bryan was running for "a Alderman at goes to Albany," or, as Marty thought, whether McKinley was using his pull to be appointed "Captain of de cops in de Oak Street

"Returns," Marty explained, "is de poipers youse get stuck wid when youse dont sell de Joinal. See?"

"That bye av moin will be a Alderman himself, wid the great political larning he do be having!" exclaimed the proud Mrs. Dunnigan, who had overheard this.

"True of you," declared Mrs. Murphy, leaning out of her window. "I do love political larning terrible awful, but it's that drying t'de t'roat! I has a t'irst on me like a fire engine. Let Marty hasten quickly t' Kel's for a pint of of beer, and come up in me room and join me, Mrs. Dunnigan, for I have the price."

When it was decided that returns should be brought to the Row by clothes line telephone, the troublesome question arose, Which candidate should be reported elected. It took all of Tim's diplomacy to avert a fight over this, until he hit upon the happy thought of having both elected, and gave orders to Laureate McSwatt to prepare banners and mottoes accordingly.

The Kid got early word of this, and broke every boy in the neighborhood betting on his straight tip.

With his money, such as it was, in his hand, he exclaimed: "I has hoodle to burn and is looking for a fire!"

The goat saved him further hunt for the fire by taking a light meal off of the Kid's earnings, whereupon Mrs. Murphy suggested putting the goat in soak with Kelly as security for beer all around.

"De whole wad wasn't de price of de beer," Marty explained, in time to save the goat's life. "Dey was Jeff Davisea."

"What Jeff Davis, Marty, darlint?" Mrs. Murphy asked.

"Jeff Davis is hoodle what's queer-green goods," Marty answered.

"Den de goat's stuffed wid sawdust," said the Kid, who never did have much idea of money.

"And I don't st' no sealskin nor diamonds!" cried Mary Ellen, who had been promised these necessities of life by the Kid.

"Not a bit like it!" shrieked the parrot. "I'll pull de whole tail outer dat par-

rot if it don't close its face!" yelled Mary Ellen. "Goodness gracious, Mary Ellen, be a lady!" giggled Della Dunnigan, who wickedly rejoiced at Mary Ellen's discomfort. "Be a lady, whatever you be, Mary Ellen! Even if youse hasn't a powder rag like I has, be a lady!"

The French cop from Oak street arrived in time to separate Della and Mary Ellen before much damage was done, and then he reproved Tim for breaking his own rule against politics.

"Let me discourse to you on the standing and situation of this status," Tim said to the French cop. It's not politics as has made them two sweet girls fall against one another with rage, folly and contumely in their hearts. It's the Yellow Kid."

"And that's as true as Tim McFadden owns the Flats!" asserted Mrs. Murphy. "Hasn't the darlint childer a right, by way of diversion, t' have the political returns brought here widout you,

Mr. Fresh Cop, taking onto your your jaw. If you're looking for a villain that stopped me can in and drunk all the beer but the This had the usual effect Fresh Cop of the block, and the day and night peaceful in the neighborhood of McF Flats.

E. W.



P. F. Outcault